The second medium of expression is form and proportion, and general style of decoration under the guidance of analogy. The purpose of each edifice will suggest what character of ornament and general proportion, and what degree of decoration it should have. This department of the language of architecture, unlike the former (viz., adaptation) is addressed to the feelings and the imagination, and is to excite emotions in harmony with the purpose,—feelings which are sympathetic with the spirit of the place; so that the front of a theatre, for instance, will be a kind of preface,—a prelude in stone, to the entertainment within. Fine-art architecture is not only an æsthetic, but an intellectual arrangement of stone; it is a material utterance of thought, a reflexion of states of mind, not by speech, but by form. It is a language not to inform the spectator what is the exact purpose of the building as literal speech—our mother tongue—would do; but to suggest—to reflect it, as the mirror of the architect's mind;—to inscribe on it such a character as shall be suggestive of the nature, moral, physical, or intellectual, of its destination. The beauty-elements of a building, if I may use such term, properly employed, awaken in the mind of the observer an undefined image or type of the institution which the edifice is destined to enshrine,—and the expression of the architecture is to the purpose of the building what music is or should be to the words to which it is set,—a harmonious accompaniment to the ideas of its use. It is an analogical and symbolic image of the institution, conveyed in stone and wood from the mind of the architect to that of the spectator.

The word expression implies language; but there are languages besides verbal ones. Language may be conventional and arbitrary, or pictorial and natural. Architecture employs the latter kind—a beauty-language, or one the signs of which are lines and forms, that agreeably but variously affect us, which find a response in the breast. Architectural expression is by form and proportion, and by embellishment, literal and symbolical. True works of architecture speak to us just as nature does. In nature form exists by and through the essence—the spirit creates the form, and the idea of its use must create the building—its qualities must be represented on the same principles as in the works of creation. The laws of beauty and expression are derived from nature. "What is the perfection of a thing?" asks Von Schelling, "Naught else but the creative life in it, its power of asserting its own individuality." And to excite various feelings and impressions by means of stone and wood, the mind of the architect must look

> "Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
> As her prime teacher."

"And imitate that spirit of nature which, working at the core of things, speaks by form and shape as if by symbols."

The heart is variously stirred,—very different are the emotions which different climes and aspects of nature awaken in the breast;—at one time the heart is swelled by a sense of grandeur from her sublimer features; at another, softer emotions, thoughts "weak as womanhood," are raised by her more graceful lineaments, chiefly where the hand of man has been; and such varied enjoyment and emotion is common to the lovers of nature in all countries and seasons. In the wide plain which the horizon alone bounds,—on the ocean shore,—in the mountain pass,—varied emotion is excited and instruction yielded in a greater or less degree by a communion with nature; and not only is the sense of beauty satisfied, but the heart thrills responsive to every grade of beauty's scale between the points of grandeur and of grace. A true structure, therefore, may be considered as one that is in full-voiced harmony with its purpose after the manner of nature herself, whose life and movement, grace or delicacy, grandeur or majesty, has been emulated. The idea of the designer was in accordance with the purpose, and it is clothed with a form of decoration expressive of it.*

S. H.

* To be continued.

WHAT OUR TRANSATLANTIC BRETHREN ARE "A-DOING OF."

Planting Forests!—In giving some account of our English plantations, and their value and importance, the *Newburyport Herald* says, "Our timber forests have been esteemed of small value, and an incalculable amount of timber trees have been wasted in years back. Gradually, however, timber of all descriptions is growing scarcer and more valuable, and before many years the man who wishes to leave a fortune for his children and grand-children, can do it in no surer way than by planting suitable land, at easily accessible points, with good timber trees."

Steam Paddies.—In a deep cut on the track of the Northern Railroad, says the *Home Journal*, there is a mighty arm at work—shovelling. From the magnitude of its proportions, the strength displayed in its operations, and the slow dignity of its motions, it reminds one of an elephant. It is designed to supply the place, or rather perform the work, of some mammoth Irishman with his shovel. Its proper cognomen is Excavator. Steam is its motive power. The engine and the principal portion of the machinery are contained in a small house, placed upon car-wheels; and, when transportation is necessary,—by a single touch of the engineer the power is directed to the propelling of these wheels, when the station-house at once becomes a formidable locomotive. From the roof of this locomotive "house" ascends the chimney, or smoker. But the part which most attracts the beholder's attention is that connected with an upright shaft, capable of making about three-fourths of a complete revolution, from the top of which proceeds a horizontal arm or crane, whence chains and levers go to the "scraper." The motions and results of this part of the machinery are analogous to those of a huge arm and hand grasping an immense scoop, the whole wielded by a giant of colossal strength. One scoop-full fills a car, and two cars suffice for a horse-load on a railroad track. The scoop is drawn back by the flexion of the elbow, and is placed at the bottom of the bank. The extensor muscles of this powerful limb now commence their action, and push it forward and upward, scraping and gathering, in its progress, sufficient dirt to fill it: then it is slowly carried round, describing a considerable arc of a circle, till it is placed directly over a car stationed to receive its contents. This motion may represent that of the shoulder-joint. The bottom of the scraper is a trap-door, which very instinctively flies open, and out drops an avalanche of dirt, and the arm slowly wheels around for another dishful. The prominent edge of the scraper is armed with teeth, which may make our analogy a little more complete, by allowing them to represent fingers and nails—to scratch with.

This apparatus has its *sensorium commune*, and the human hand and arm are no less obedient to the mandates of the will, than is this combination of wood and iron, chains and cylinders, to the will and direction of a very greasy, smutty man, standing upon a semi-circular platform about the upright shaft above described. Here he touches first one spring, or nerve, with one hand, next another with the other hand, then a third with the foot, like a piano-forte or organ player, and straightway these talismanic signs are conveyed, with telegraphic precision, to parts and portions most distant, and the commands are instantly followed, or better, accompanied, by the desired movement.

A Stray Lighthouse.—At a late customhouse sale of unclaimed bonded goods, according to the *Courier and Enquirer*, thirty-two large packages were set up by the auctioneer in one lot, "supposed," as he said, "to contain a lighthouse." This being the only intimation bidders had of the contents, offers were dull, and the lot was knocked down, at five hundred dollars, to a German of the name of Stephen Lutz, who, being in the china and glass business, was probably led to make the highest offer by the prospect of obtaining material of certain and immediate value (as old metal, we presume). On opening the largest package a large wheel of copper was found, adorned with curious devices, and evidently fitted for complicated machinery. Other cases were found to contain the looked-for lenses and immediate apparatus of lantern. The searchers having satisfied themselves that the supposed lighthouse was an actual verity, and that they had all its parts complete, discontinued operations, and from that time to this have received from the few acquainted with their bargain various offers, the highest of which reaches 7,000 dols. This work of art, all the pieces yet come to light serve to show, is of great beauty and value. There are evident marks of its having been forwarded by the French Government to the American. The lot is supposed to have been originally consigned to a naval officer, whose death accounts for its having been unclaimed. It is thought possible that the lighthouse acquired in so extraordinary a manner may prove to be of the value of 30,000 dols. It is a *Fresnel* light of the first order.

Minot's Ledge Lighthouse washed away.—In a recent storm the iron pile lighthouse, erected in 1847-49, on the outer Cohasset rock, about 17 miles from Boston, broke down and was carried away, and two assistant keepers drowned. Although three structures on the same principle had been erected in England previously, the plan was considered at the time a bold, if not a rash, experiment, inasmuch as the English pile lights were erected in shoal water, where the sea rolls through the piles, and none had been put up where the sea breaks with any great degree of violence, as at Minot's. Various misgivings had moreover been expressed, and one keeper had resigned, and another had fruitlessly complained of the insecurity of the structure. A commission of engineers certainly had examined it, but they "took a pleasant day" to make their examination, and pronounced it to be "entirely secure, and equal to standing the strain of any storm without danger." It is the opinion of the last keeper, Mr. Bennet, an English engineer, that the piles have been gradually weakening by the gales of the past two winters, and *that the atoms of the iron have been gradually disintegrating by the constant oscillations*, in the same manner as wire is weakened and finally broken by frequent bending. The piles, eight in the circumference and one in the centre, appear to have been all broken off short about the same height from the rock. The cost of this lighthouse was about 39,000 dollars.

A Quarry of Paving Stones washed Ashore.—Baker's Island, at the entrance of Salem Harbour—or rather, so much thereof as is not occupied by the U. S. Government for the Light House establishment—was purchased, not many years ago by an industrious Irishman, who cultivates a portion of the soil, and by supplying ballast lighters, &c., contrives to pick up quite a decent support. On one part of his domain, exposed to the wash of the sea, there was, until the recent storm, quite an extensive reach of smooth sand beach, which, after a late gale had upheaved old ocean to its very depths, was found to be covered with hundreds upon hundreds of tons of paving-stones, enough to supply a fleet of ballast lighters, and bring a small fortune to the lucky landed proprietor. It is truly "an ill wind" that blows nobody any good.

Powers' Statue of Calhoun constitutes a prominent object of interest to the visitor in Charleston. It occupies a very unfortunate position in a cheerless apartment of the City Hall. "It would be unfair to form an opinion of it as a work of art," says a paper quoted by the *Literary World*, "while it stands in so bad a light, to say nothing of its discolouration by the salt water, and its mutilation in the loss of the right arm. The figure, however, is very noble, and the likeness well nigh perfect."—By the way, amongst a number of capital daguerreotype likenesses of American celebrities, in the U. S. division of the International Exhibition, there is one of Calhoun: a strange weird-looking mortal he is. Amongst others of lesser celebrities, is one of Mr. Paine, the electrician: whether his visage be a "pseudo scientific" one we cannot say: it considerably resembles that of Mr. William Chambers, the Journalist.

Art in Boston.—There may be found in New

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